WEEKLY MUSEUM.

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

VOL. XIV—NO 43. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1802. WHOLE NO. 719.

ALBERT AND ELIZA.

A TALE.

[Continued from our laſt.]

ABOUT this time Eliza received a letter from her father, in which he deſired her to inform him whether ſhe wiſhed to return home. In a poſtſcipt to the letter, it was mentioned that Albert's father, whoſe health had, for ſome time, been on a decline, was dead; that on an inveſtigation of his accounts, his eſtate was found to be inſolvent; that his property had been divided among his creditors, and that Albert's mother had gone to reſide with one of her brethern upon the continent. Albert's return was mentioned as doubtful; Eliza's father knew of but one letter he had written to his parents, the contents of which he appeared to be unacquainted with He, therefore, gently admoniſhed her not to place ſo ſtrong a confidence in diſtant and uncertain proſpects as that her peace would be deſtroyed, ſhould her expectations be diſappointed.

This caution was unneceſſary. Eliza had already experienced all the diſappointment which her father's letter contemplated, and ſhe had ſurvived the ſhock of conflicting paſſions, which ſucceeded. She could not forbear dropping a tear over the ruins of Albert's family, but ſhe did not feel that intereſt in the circumſtances which ſhe once would have done. To return home, at the preſent juncture, ſhe had no inclinations. Every object which there preſented, would awaken feelings which ſhe now wiſhed might be obliterated. She therefore wrote to her father that, if conſiſtent with his family arrangements, ſhe would continue a while longer with her uncle.

While the ſummer paſſed on, Blake was indefatigable in his exertions to amuſe Eliza; and, for this purpoſe, a continual round of entertainments was kept up. Excurſions into the country, in coaches and on horſeback; walking along the banks of the Eaſt and North Rivers, and bargeſailing on the harbor were among the firſt diverſions. As they were out on one of the laſt mentioned recreations, one pleaſant afternoon, it happened that the barge in which were Eliza, Miſs Smith, and others, lingering a little behind the reſt. They were ſtanding up; Miſs Smith, in walking haſtily along the boat, made a falſe ſtep, and fell forcibly againſt Eliza, by which ſhe was ſuddenly precipitated into the deep. A ſcream was raiſed by the ladies; Blake, who was in another boat, at a little diſtance, turned his eyes, and ſaw Eliza ſtruggling with the waves. He immediately plunged into the water, and ſwam to her relief. Before he reached the place, ſhe ſunk, but as ſhe aroſe he caught her, and, with much difficulty, conveyed her ſafely to the barge. This accident diſcouraged Eliza from again adventering upon the water.

Some time after this, as Blake was ſitting with Eliza, in her appartment, he addreſſed her as follows:—"You cannot be inſenſible madam, that it is with the higheſt pleaſure I have been permitted to devote ſome little ſervices to you; indeed, I can truly ſay, that ſince I became acquainted with you, I have experienced more real happineſs than I ever before enjoyed. But the time is now arrived, when a continuation of theſe ſervices may, as it reſpects yourſelf, be conſidered improper. I am ſet down as your admirer: If I continue my attendance, it may prevent you from receiving offers more agreeable to your mind; and, what is more, it may, as to the fallacity of public opinion, hazard your reputation, which is far dearer to me than my own. There is, therefore, but two alternatives, and theſe depend on your own choice. The firſt is, to break off all connection inſtantly; in this caſe I ſhall leave America immediately, and ſtrive, by travel and change of objects, to divert a hopeleſs paſſion; for, when baniſhed from you, I ſhall never more ſee a moment of real comfort.—The other is, that you except my hand, which, with all the powers of my ſoul, ſhall ever be devoted to render your ſituation as happy as this life will admit. I will now leave you, that you may think of the ſubject, and will call to-morrow evening for your anſwer." He then withdrew, and Eliza was left to her own meditations.

Eliza felt the candor of this declaration. It was ingenuous—it was honorable. Blake had been, to her, the ſincereſt friend. He had once ſnatched her from the verge of death, at the riſk of his own life—once, from that which, perhaps, would have been worſe than death. He was a character held in high eſtimation—his property large—his connections reſpectable. Her father was a man of but moderate income; the time might be near when he would be no more, and then where was ſhe to look for a guardian! She had no brother, and only two ſiſters, who where very young. Affection it is true, ſhe had none to beſtow; but if ever ſhe thought of connecting herſelf to any one, was it probable ſhe would find a perſon of purer principles than Blake? She determined, however to do nothing raſhly, and to take proper time before ſhe gave an anſwer.

When Blake called, the following evening, ſhe told him that ſo important an affair demanded ſerious conſideration. That its conſequences muſt embrace a variety of objects, and therefore ſome time would be requiſite; that, for the preſent, ſhe thought it adviſable for him to withdraw his viſits: and that, in one month from that time, ſhe would give him a deciſive anſwer, Blake acknowledged the propriety of theſe remarks, and after acceding to the plan retired.

Eliza laid the affair before her uncle and aunt, who highly recommended Blake, and adviſed her by all means, not to reject ſo fair an opportunity, as they expreſſed it, ſaying there were few ladies in the city, but who would think themſelves much honored by being placed in her ſituation.

Eliza ſtepped into a miliner's ſhop, one day, and was obliged to wait for the following diſcourſe to be ended, between the milliner and a ſtrange lady, before ſhe could be waited upon.

Milliner. Married, do you ſay, and to a lady of fortune in London.

Stranger. Not only to a fortune but to a lady of family, and one of the firſt beauties in England.

Mil. And keeps a coach?

Stran. A coach and livery ſervants; and when I left London, about two months ago, there was talk of his purchaſing a title.

Mil. Well, this is a ſtrange buſineſs; I knew the family of the*******'s (here ſhe mentioned Albert's family name) very well when I lived on the Iſland; they were always exceeding clever bodies; it is happened well for this young man, for his father died not worth a groat.——Here ſhe fixed her eyes upon Eliza, and ſuppoſing ſhe wanted ſomething out of her ſhop, the diſcourſe was broken off. Eliza purchaſed the articles ſhe wanted, and left the ſhop. "And is it thus," ſaid ſhe, as ſhe returned home; "is Albert to become an Engliſh nobleman! The time will moſt aſſuredly come, when in tears of blood, he will mourn over his ſacrilegious honors, withering in the duſt."

The day which Eliza had ſet to give an anſwer to Blake had now arrived—the longeſt month which he ever experienced. Eliza informed him that ſhe had concluded to accede to his propoſals, provided her father's conſent could be obtained. This anſwer fully compenſated Blake for the anxieties under which his mind had for a long time labored. He immediately wrote to her father, and received for anſwer, that, as he had been well informed of Blake's ſituation, connections and character, he had no objections to the union.—— As winter had now arrived, it was concluded to defer the nuptials until ſpring, when they were to be celebrated at her father's houſe.

At a ball, one evening, as Eliza and Miſs Smith were ſitting together, after the fatigues of a contra-dance, Miſs Smith took Eliza's hand, preſſed it with vehemence, and ſighed deeply, "Eliza," ſays ſhe, "I eſteem and pity you; your innocence and your credulity, my dear girl, are ſoon to be wrecked upon the ſhoals of deſpair." "What means ſuch a portentous prediction?" replied Eliza. "That you may hereafter know," anſwered Miſs Smith, "but never from me." At this inſtant Blake joined them, which put an end to their converſation. Eliza ſuppoſed theſe obſervations proceeded from the diſappointment which Miſs Smith had experienced as her regard for Blake was no ſecret. Eliza, however related the circumſtance to Blake which ſhe thought appeared a little to ſhock him, but he changed the diſcourſe, and no farther notice was then taken of it.

Soon after this, Miſs Smith diſappeared.—— Blake informed Eliza that ſhe had gone to New-Jerſey, on a viſit to a friend, and would not return in a conſiderable time. Eliza thought it a little ſingular that ſhe had never informed her of her intentions. But as Miſs Smith had lately, in ſome meaſure, withdrawn her intimacies, Eliza imputed this reſerve to the ſame cauſe which produced the converſation at the ball.

The winter paſſed away, and ſpring at length arrived, the time in which the Hymeneal rites were to be celebrated between Blake and Eliza. Preparations were, therefore, made for the journey home, in which ſhe was to be attended by Blake and the family of her uncle. The night before they were to ſet out, Eliza dreamed ſhe was riding with Blake in his coach, when a ſudden flaſh of of lightning iſſued from the Heavens, followed by a loud peal of craſhing thunder! the horſes ſtarted and ran furiouſly forward towards

a dangerous precipice, beneath which a raging torrent formed among the rocks. She thought that she endeavored to disengage herself from the carriage, but in vain; they were hurried along, with amazing swiftness, to the top of the cliff, and were just upon the point of being hurled down, when a man, who appeared to descend through the air, seized Eliza by the arm, and, in an instant, bore her, in safety, to the other side of the river, from whence, she beheld the coach, with Blake and the horses, precipitated headlong from the tremendous height, and dashed in pieces upon the rocks below. She awaked with a scream, and rejoiced to find the scene illusory. The lineaments of the stranger's countenance were not entirely erased from her memory; they appeared familiar, but she could not recollect where she had seen the original. The consequences of the dream hung ominously upon her imagination; but the bright rays of the sun which now darted into her chamber, dispelled the gloom that hovered around her. She arose immediately, got ready for her journey, and in the evening she, with her uncle's family and Blake, was at her father's house.

Scenes of tenderness ensued upon Eliza's return to her family. As it was but a few days before the intended nuptials, invitations were immediately sent abroad. Blake's friends soon arrived from New-York, among whom was the Governor. On the afternoon of the day in which at evening, the marriage was to be consummated, Eliza walked out alone, to contemplate the beauties of the spring. It was the latter part of the month of May. The air was embalmed with the fragrant odors of surrounding flowers, and the mingling melody of various birds echoed along the adjacent groves. She roved, she scarcely knew whither, until she was insensibly led to the shores of Montauk, and found herself, at last, upon the very spot she stood when Albert's ship disappeared from her sight. It was now something more than three years since that time. She earnestly fixed her eyes upon the place; a sail ship was beating in for the port. The joys of past days rushed, like a torrent, upon her memory. She was suddenly aroused to a solemn sense of her desperate situation. The lightnings of conviction flashed, and the thunders of terror followed! —She was about to deceive a worthy character, by yielding him her hand, while her affections were dead to all except a hopeless object. What was to be done? To advance was destruction!—to retreat—impossible! She hurried home, and strove to suppress contemplation, amidst the hilarity of the guests.

[To be continued.]

EXCESSIVE CLEANLINESS

THE ancient vicar of Broek, in Holland, being dead, and much lamented, his successor tried every method that a worthy priest could think of, to repair the loss, not only as to his pastoral duty, but as to society. "I would fain gain your good will and conciliate your esteem, my dear parishioners," said he, "how is it I fail?"

The want of confidence in the inhabitants, made the new vicar unhappy: and yet for many months he could get no one to assign a reason for it. At length, an old man, one of his congregation, after some hesitation, spoke as follows; "I will tell you, Mr. Vicar. You are a fine scholar: you talk Greek and Latin; your discourses are very learned; but you mount the reading desk and pulpit with your shoes after having walked through the streets.—Your predecessor always put on a pair of slippers, which are still left for your use in the consistory. You know, now, the cause of the shyness and dissatisfaction of the parish: and you know also, the way to remove it.'

RECEIPT TO MAKE A MODERN BEAU.

TAKE any thing—put it into a pair of pantaloons just large enough to contain one dozen; put a binding on the top of the pantaloons (called a veil) and attach to the bosom of the shirt an oval glass case with a wig in it; pare away the skirts of its coat to the width of a hat-band. If the subject is doomed to pass its time in the house, it will require a heavy pair of round-toed jack-boots with a tassel before and behind. "Lift it up by the cape of the coat," pull its hair over its face, lay its hat on its forehead, and spectacles on its nose.

N. B. Its hands must, on no occasion, be suffered to escape from the pantaloon pockets, nor the spectacles from the nose.

REMARK.

THERE is a false modesty, which is vanity; a false glory, which is meanness; a false virtue, which is hypocrisy; and a false wisdom, which is FOLLY.

ELEGY ON MRS. LORETTA KELSEY,

COME, pensive muse—attune thy softest lyre,
On wings of sorrow, weeping Friendship come,
Here see how soon our dearest hopes expire,
Nor fly unpitying from LORETTA's tomb.

Dear slumbering girl—thy days of grief are o'er,
O sweet release from life's unhappy toils!
Death who did waft thee from Affliction's shore,
Gave thee to Angels and a Savior's smiles.

Yes—now thy gentle spirit lives in peace,
To praise it's Maker with enraptur'd breath;
Hush'd are the billows of life's stormy seas,
And past those cares attending us till death.

Resign'd, I bow me to th' unerring will,
Sweet Contemplation cheers my sorrowing breast;
The Power that gave the life—had power to kill,
Or grant a short reprieve from endless rest.

Lie still fond heart—and lull thee to content,
Nor tremble thus at Death's severe alarms:
He was the Messenger her Father sent,
To call his dear LORETTA to his arms.

Then fare thee well!—sweet gentle girl adieu,
Still shall thy name, thy mem'ry still be dear;
Still on thy grave (life's checquer'd season thro')
Shall Friendship drop the tributary tear.

And oft as lovely Summer shall return,
Or Spring delightful, shed her sweet perfume,
Shall Virtue, a sad Pilgrim come to mourn,
And shed her sorrows on LORETTA's tomb.

Poughkeepsie, Jan. 12, 1802. HENRY.

THE HOUR OF LOVE.

HAIL thou blest orb, that rul'st the night,
And steal'st thy silent course above;
Again I hail thy tranquil light,
Propitious to the hour of Love.

How sweet beneath thy placid beam,
Far from the busy hum of men,
To wander by the lonely stream,
In yonder deep romantic glen.

Thro' shadowing trees now hid, now seen,
The classic stream flow ling'ring plays,
And, from the trembling shades between,
Reflects the mighty dazzling rays.

Alone, beneath the blue serene,
Here no unhallow'd footsteps rove;
Here no rude jarrings intervene
To mar the holy hour of Love.

In converse chaste, in soft delight,
How fast the blissful moments move,
Pure as thy beams that cheer the night,
The joys that cheer the hour of Love.

And who'd exchange this blissful hour,
For those that fashion's votaries prove,
When yielding to the softer power,
Ah! precious is the hour of Love!

The following STANZAS, by Sir THOMAS MOORE, are moral, tender and impressive.

OH! woman, if by simple wile
Thy soul has stray'd from honor's track,
'Tis mercy only can beguile,
By gentle ways, the wanderer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,
Wash'd by thy tears, may yet decay,
As clouds that sully morning skies,
May all be wept in showers away.

Go, go—be innocent and live—
The tongues of men may wound thee sore;
But Heav'n in pity can forgive,
And bid thee "go and sin no more."

PLEASURE.

PLEASURE's a syren with inviting arms,
Sweet is her voice, and powerful her charms;
Lur'd by her call, we tread the flow'ry ground,
Joy wings our steps, and MUSIC warbles round;
Lull'd in her arms, we loose the flying hours,
And lie embosom'd 'midst her blooming bow'rs;
'Till, arm'd with death, she watches our undoing,
Stabs while she sings, and triumphs in our ruin.

CONSTANCY.

AN affecting, and at the same time ludicrous scene was exhibited a few days since:—A sailor, who had been absent from his country since the commencement of the war, and was supposed dead by his friends unexpectedly came to town about ten days since, with the fruits of his hard-earned services. Immediately on his arrival he hastened to the spot where he had left his wife and child: but she had left her place of residence some years back, and was gone nobody knew where. Still he was determined to find her, if alive, and wandering wherever his fancy directed, in hopes of gaining some intelligence of her fate; he had almost exhausted himself in the search, and giving up all hopes of finding her, when chancing to pass a street, near the Seven Dials, he heard a woman crying water-cresses—he thought he recognized the voice of his former helpmate; for a moment he doubted his senses, scarcely believing his wife could have experienced such a reverse of fortune, but on coming nearer, his doubts were removed; with a tumult of joy, not to be described, he snatched the basket from her arm, threw the cresses into the street, and gave her as complete a hug as honest and robust affection was capable of performing.—The poor woman was no less surprised, and burst into tears, which the jolly tar soon dispelled with a comforting drop of the creature. A thousand questions were now asked and solved in a minute when the sailor hauled away his bride to a cloaths shop in the neighborhood, where he rigged her from stem to stern, calling her old ones into the street; after which he called a coach, and rode away in triumph, swearing, that now he had found his wandering rib, he was the happiest dog alive. [London paper.

MARSHAL DE TURENNE

COMING home one night, he fell in the hands of robbers, who stopped his coach upon the ramparts of Paris; on his promising them 100 Louis d'ors to let him keep a ring of a great deal less value, they returned it, and one of them had the boldness to go to his house next day, and, in the midst of a great company, to whisper him and demand the performance of his promise; the Viscount ordered the money to be paid him, and, before he related the adventure, let the robber have time to escape, adding, "That a promise ought to be kept inviolable; and that an honest man should never break his word, though given to knaves."

FASHIONS.

THE Philadelphia fashion at present is, is in the words of Geoffree Gombado, to be genteel and agreeable. The heat of our climate compels both sexes to consult comfort, rather than splendor.—Our nymphs under the double influence of their own warmth, and that of the sun, are obliged to appear in Lacedemonian drapery; and our swains move languidly along, under the pressure of coattees, and hats of gossamer. Vulgar nankeen and filthy dowlas are in great request.

Our High Street loungers sport a hat of an enormous circumference. A small beau is so overshadowed by one of Tiffin's best, that his dimensions to any thick sight, are invisible.

ANECDOTE.

A man went to see his neighbor, who was ill, and sitting down by his bedside, asked him several questions concerning the state of his health; which the other, who was suddenly taken speechless, could not answer. This highly offended his visitor, who was not conscious of the cause; and rising in a rage, told him, that please God he would be sick himself soon, and when he came to see him the devil a word would he say to him, that nothing might be lost.

[The following example of correct and elegant diction is copied verbatim from a handbill published in a town in the neighborhood of Weymouth, England.]

OH YES! OH YES!

WHEREAS his majesty, the King and Queen is expected to honor, with their presence, this ancient corporation, in the course of their tour; in order to prevent them from meeting no impediment in his journey, the worshipful Mayor and Bailiffs has thought proper that the following regulations should be prohibited as follows:

Nobody must not leave no dirt, nor nothing in that shape, before their doors, nor shops, and all wheelbarrows, cabbage stalks, turnip tops, and other wheel carriages must be swept out of the street.

EVENING.--A SONNET.

THE penſive ſhades of night ſteal o'er the ſcene;
Huſh'd is the buſy hum of daily care,
And clos'd the hollow eye of black deſpair,
Which oft in ſilence weeps unheard, unſeen.

By darkneſs veil'd, each diſtant proſpect dies,
The village, which at noon attracts the light,
Now wears the ſemblance of an airy ſpright,
Deludes the view, and clouded meets the ſkies.

Hail! ſober Eve, thy magic tints inſpire
The ſofteſt, ſweeteſt pleaſures in my mind;
No objects ſeen, diſturb, ſave thoſe confin'd
To fancy's power, as real forms retire.
Bleſt contemplation now uſurps the throne,
Where pale fac'd care the ſceptre once did own.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1802.

A DUEL was fought on Saturday evening laſt, at Hoboack, between DEWITT CLINTON and JOHN SWARTWOUT, Eſquires. Five ſhots were exchanged, two of which lodged in one of Mr Swartwout's legs, a little above the ancle bone.

Captain Hoſier, who arrived at this port on Monday in 9 days from Cape Francois, informs us, that at the time he ſailed (24th July) all was quiet there. The fever prevailed among the troops with conſiderable mortality. A ſmall reinforcement, ſent from France, had arrived, and was ordered to Port Republican. Markets were pretty briſk, particularly Lumber, which commanded a great price.

From Guadaloupe.

Captain Sanger, arrived at New-London, in 13 days from Baſſeterre, (Guadaloupe), informs that previous to his ſailing, the government cauſed it to be reported, that the Engliſh had refuſed to give up the Iſland of Tobago agreeable to the Treaty; and under the pretence of an expedition to take that Iſland by force, the black troops and a body of whites were embarked on board two ſhips of the line and two frigates. Having ſecured the blacks, the white troops were relanded; and the next day more blacks male and female were ſent on board, and it was ſaid, and implicitly believed, that they were ſold to the Spaniſh government, to be employed in working in the mines of South America: where the fleet is deſtined. The number of negroes ſhipped off amounted to 5000.

On Saturday, a woman, by name, Mary Owen, was found dead in her own houſe, in Gaſkill near Third Street, hanging by the key and knob of the chamber door. The circumſtance which led to the diſcovery, was a moſt offenſive ſmell in the neighborhood, that excited ſome of the neighbors to break open the houſe of the deceaſed, from which it appeared to proceed, and which had been ſhut up for near three days; when on entering a room up ſtairs, they found her body in a very corrupted ſtate, ſuſpended by a white linen handkerchief from the key or knob of the door, with another handkerchief over her eyes. A coroner's inqueſt was held and returned a ſimilar verdict to the above. We have not learned what was the motive which induced this horrid deed. Philadelphia paper.

HEALTH-OFFICE.

Philadelphia, Auguſt 3d, 1802.

The Board of Health inform their fellow citizens, that ſince their publication of yeſterday, there have been reported to them ſeven perſons who have been taken ſick in the Northern Liberties:----And by the communications of ſeveral Phyſicians, it appears, that ſeveral perſons are ill with malignant fevers, within the limits of the city, ſome of whom have been ſick ſeveral days.

Of thoſe reported yeſterday, one perſon has died. Four are convaleſcent, four are conſidered in danger, and two removed to the City Hoſpital.

The board think it their duty to repeat their requeſt, that the citizens avoid all unneceſſary intercourſe with the ſick. By order of the Board,

CORNELIUS COMEGYS, Preſident.

Atteſt, BENJ. F. GARRIGUES, Sec'ry.

NEW JERSEY, July 31.

A Robbery, one the moſt bold and daring, at the ſame time the moſt cowardly and malignant, was committed on Friday laſt near the New Mills, in the county of Burlington. An old and feeble man named DANIEL PARKER, living near Cedar Bridge, about thirty miles from the New-Mills, blind of one eye, almoſt deaf, had with unceaſing induſtry collected about one hundred and thirteen dollars; but not without ſelling a valuable pair of oxen and a milch cow, the chief ſupport of his family, much under their value---which money he ſecured as well as he could in a wallet, and placing it on his back; the only conveyance he had, ſet off on foot to carry the money to the Sheriff of Burlington county, to pay an unjuſt debt for which he had made himſelf accountable. On his way he met with one THOMAS STEWART, an old culprit, about a mile from the New-Mills, and travelling together, diſcovered his money---but ſeveral paſſing in ſight along the ſaid road, he had no opportunity to commit the horrid act contemplated. The old man lodged that night at a relation's in the New-Mills, and next morning purſued his way to Mount Holly, to pay the money to the Sheriff---but ſhocking to relate the vile aſſaſſin and robber, Stewart, waylaid him, and about nine o'clock in the morning, not half a mile from the New-Mills, and not more than one hundred paces from the Baptiſt meeting houſe, and within ſight of the air furnace, by a ſudden ſtroke brought him to the ground---the old man, partly deaf and blind, ſaw nothing of the aſſaſſin, and only remembered receiving the blow which ſtunned him. The villain ſeized the wallet that contained the money, tore it from his bleeding back, and left him weltering in his blood, no doubt ſuppoſing he had given him a mortal wound---he however recovered a little, and was found ſtanding up a ſhort time after by WILLIAM MERRIS, ſon of Captain MERRIS, who was paſſing the ſame road; he was wild and ſenſeleſs, and his face in a gore of blood---a pointed club (which was found) that gave the blow, had pierced the ſkull above the right temple, but how deep or how fatal is yet undetermined. The old man was ſafely conducted to the New-Mills, where he ſtill remains very ill, and his life deſpaired of. Search was immediately made for the robber---Stewart was ſuſpected, apprehended, ſearched, and a part of the money found in his poſſeſſion; the bag which contained the remainder was found hid in the woods no great diſtance from the place where the horrid and malignant deed had been perpetrated. Stewart is lodged in a priſon at Burlington, and it is hoped he will not be from thence delivered until he has received his juſt reward. Never did men behave with more praiſeworthy and laudable zeal, than the citizens of New-Mills on this occaſion; they were one and all ſtruck with horror and amazement, and inſpired with a ſpirit of undaunted and determined perſeverance to find the robber, and if poſſible regain the loſt money and reſtore it to its feeble and decrepid owner, who has long ſupported the character of a reputable and honeſt man, and a worthy and pious member of the Baptiſt Church at the New-Mills.

Extract from Hervey's THERON and ASPASIO, on the ſubject of DUELLING.

"IN this caſe, a reſolute refuſal is not to be reckoned at all unmanly, but the truly wiſe and gallant behavior. There is no danger of forfeiting reputation, except among a few raſh and precipitate creatures, the ſons of bluſter and cruelty, whoſe applauſe is infamy, and their detraction the higheſt praiſe they can beſtow. From every judicious and worthy perſon the conduct will be ſure to gain approbation. When CÆSAR received a challenge from ANTHONY, to engage him in ſingle combat, he very calmly anſwered the bearer, of the meſſage; "If Anthony is weary of life, tell him, there are other ways to death, beſides the point of my ſword." Who ever deemed this an inſtance of cowardice! All ages have admired it, as the act of a diſcreet and gallant man; who was ſenſible of his own importance and knew how to treat the petulant and revengeful humor of a diſcontented adverſary with its deſerved contempt. Rarely to looſe our life, is the ſmalleſt of thoſe evils which attend this miſchevous practice. It is pregnant with a long and almoſt endleſs train of diſaſtrous conſequences to parents, wives, children, friends, aſſociates, and the community. It is an infallible expedient to be deprived of the favor of the infinite God, and to be excluded from the joys of his eternal kingdom. It is the ſure way to become an object of abhorrence to the angels of light; and to be made the laughing-ſtock of devils, in their dungeon of darkneſs. Shame, everlaſting ſhame, ſhall be the reward of ſuch gallantry, the promotion of ſuch fools."

JUST PUBLISHED,

And for ſale by JOHN HARRISSON, No. 3, Peck-Slip,

THE

Father and Daughter,

A TALE.

BY MRS. OPIE.

COURT OF HYMEN.

"The end of LOVE is the melioration of the heart, the invigoration of family affections, and the ſecurity of domeſtic happineſs."

MARRIED,

On Sunday laſt week, at Eaſt Cheſter, by the Rev Dr. Wilkins, Mr JAMES FRYAT, to Miſs REBECCA STEDDIFORD, both of this city.

On Tueſday evening laſt week, at Philadelphia, by the Rev Dr Rogers, Mr JOHN CUMMINS, aged ninety-two, to Mrs CATHARINE KELCHER, aged twenty-eight years, both of that city.

On Wedneſday evening laſt week, by the Rev Dr Kunzie, Mr JOHN PAULUS MAAS, to Mrs. GERTRUDE BOKUSSEN.

On Thurſday evening, by the Rev Mr Pilmoie, Mr HENRY LAVERTY, merchant, to Miſs ANN HEATTALL, both of this city.

On Friday evening, by the Rev Mr Hamilton, Mr ALEXANDER ROBERTSON, to Miſs JANET M'LEARING, both natives of Scotland.

On Saturday evening, by the Rev William Miller, Mr JOHNSTON ROBINS, (of the Houſe of J. and J. Robins,) merchant, to Miſs MARIA WHIPPO, both of this city.

At the Collegiate Church, Manchester, on Sunday morning, 22 couple were married, and the like number on Monday; on Sunday afternoon 155 children were chriſtened. [London paper June 4.

MORTALITY.

In Health's gay morn, in bluſhing roſeate bloom,
When budding beauties drink the living ray,
Nipp'd by a froſt they wither in the tomb,
The ſhort liv'd flowrets of a ſummer's day.

DIED,

On Friday evening laſt week, after a ſhort illneſs, in the 28th year of his age, Mr JACOB SIMONTON, grocer, of this city. He was a tender huſband, a kind parent, an affectionate brother and a dutiful ſon. He has left a wife, two ſmall children, and a number of relatives and friends to regret his loſs.

Yeſterday morning, aged ſixteen years, JOHN D. ROSE, an apprentice to the printer of this paper, and ſon of Mr John Roſe, carpenter, of this city.---He was a youth of promiſing abilities, and bid fair of becoming a uſeful member of ſociety. So fly the ſhafts of Death!---The young, the old, the rich, the poor, all muſt obey the awful mandate.

☞ In conſequence of the death of one of the carriers of the Muſeum, and the impoſſibility of our making ſuitable arrangements in time, a number of our Patrons will be prevented this day from receiving their papers. It is preſumed no other apology need be urged.

TRAVELS per FORCE,

In a handſomely printed 12mo.

PUBLISHED THIS DAY, BY H. CARITAT,

And for ſale at his Book Store, City Hotel, Broadway, price One Dollar neatly bound, and 75 cts. in paper,

BEING,

The Moſt Remarkable Year in the Life of AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE---Containing an Account of his Exile into Siberia, and of the other extraordinary and wonderful events which happened to him in Ruſſia---Written by himſelf---Tranſlated from the German by the Rev. Benj. Berresford, Engliſh Lecturer to the Queen of Pruſſia.

This well known writer had it ſeems, incurred the jealous ſuſpicions of the late Emperor Paul; and although he had obtained paſports with the uſual formalities, allowing him to ſpend a few months in Ruſſia, the very moment of his entering the Ruſſian territories, he was ſeized, ſeparated from his wife and children, and hurried to Siberia.---He had not, however, long remained in theſe parts, before the ſame caprice, with marked in every inſtance the character of Paul, ſent for him to Peterſburgh, employed him in his ſervice, and loaded him with favors.

The volume is written with peculiar vivacity, and excites the warmeſt intereſt. Among other facts diſcloſed in the work is the remarkable one of the Emperor writing the Challenge to the Sovereigns of Europe which excited the aſtoniſhment and laughter of the world. Aug. 7.

COURT OF APOLLO.

NEW CRAZY JANE.

STOP traveller, fee wretched JANE---
Her viſage wears the marks of trouble,
Hard diſappointment's turn'd her brain,
And age has bent her almoſt double.

She views with prying eye about,
The rubbiſh ſwept from every door,
Picks little ſcraps of paper out,
And ſeems to read them o'er and o'er.

Obſerve, obſerve, that little ſtrip
Of clean white paper meets her eye,
Obſerve the motion of her lip,
She ſeems to read---you hear her ſigh.

Now every idiot brain like her's,
Is govern'd ſtill by certain laws,
In every moment ſtill recurs
To its firſt great Parental cauſe.

Now ſtranger tell how this can be;
Why ſhe that paper ſtrip ſhould take,
Look over it with ſo much glee,
Then ſigh as if her heart would break?

Poor JENNY was not always ſo,
The time my gran'nam knows full well
When JENNY to the ball would go,
Among the foremoſt belles, a belle.

Her favorite lover was at ſea,
Wrote tender letters to his JANE,
That it was ſhe, and only ſhe,
That ſooth'd the horrors of the main.

A ſtorm came on---And now he ſleeps
On the cold billows of the main,
And wretched JENNY laughs and weeps;
But laughs and weeps with crazy brain.

And ſtill in every paper ſcrap,
Scribbled or not, 'tis ſtill the ſame,
She looks attentively---Mayhap
She ſtill may find her lover's name.

SONG.

WRITTEN BY DIBDIN.

THERE are pretty good wives and pretty bad wives,
And wives neither one thing nor t'other,
And as for the wives who ſcold all their lives,
I'd ſooner wed Adam's grandmother.

Then ladies and gents, if to marriage inclin'd,
May deceit or ill humor ne'er trap ye!
May thoſe who are ſingle get wives to their mind
And thoſe who are married live happy!

Some chuſe their ladies for eaſe, or for grace,
Or a pretty turn'd foot as they're walking:
Some chuſe 'em for figure, and ſome for a face,
But very few chuſe 'em for talking.

Now as for the wife I could follow thro' life,
'Tis ſhe who can ſpeak ſincerely;
Who not overnice, can give good advice,
And love a good huſband dearly.

So ladies and gents, when to wedlock inclin'd,
May deceit, or ill humor ne'er trap ye!
May thoſe who are ſingle find wives to their mind
And thoſe who are married live happy!

ANECDOTE.

THE ſoldiers of a certain Engliſh regiment were ſo addicted to theiving and plundering, that they generally ſtripped the inhabitants of the towns and villages where they were quartered of every thing they could lay their hands on. Some people having ſuffered conſiderably, went to demand ſatisfaction of the commanding officer. They ſeverally related their complaints, and he attended to them with great patience "Pray," ſaid he, "did they leave any thing behind them?" "Oh! yes, pleaſe your honor, ſeveral things." "Then," he replied, "they were none of my ſoldiers."

REMARK.

IF falſehood, like truth, had but one face only, we ſhould be upon better terms; for we ſhould then take the contrary to what the lyar ſays, for certain truth.

MORALIST.

THE way to be happy, is to look down on thoſe who ſuffer, and not upon thoſe who ſhine in the world.---The compariſon then would be ſo much in our favor, that we ſhoud ceaſe to complain. So far ſhould we be from repining at the unequal diſtributions of fortune, that we ſhould ſit down contented with our own lot, and be happy with the bleſſings we enjoy---Our pride would be humbled, and our peeviſhneſs turned into pity: our murmurings would be huſhed at the ſight of others miſery. A little reaſon and common ſenſe would point out to us the abſurdity of our purſuits and prove how dangerous it is to follow the deceitful track. How happy then might people live, and what a figure might they make in the eyes of the world, were they to manage the liberality of fortune with common ſenſe, and learn to deſpiſe the ſuperfluities of it; from a want of this, ſprings all the unhappineſs of this life, and from a careful obſervance of it, proceeds every ſatisfaction we can wiſh to obtain.

ACADEMY.

THE ſubſcriber reſpectfully informs his employers, and the public in general, that he has employed Mr AARON GARDNER to teach with him in his Academy, No. 1 Fiſhers-ſtreet, ſecond door from Bowery-Lane, a little north from the New Watch houſe, a commodious airy and healthy ſituation. Mr GARDNER has been regularly educated at the College in Providence, State of Rhode-Iſland, and has with him credentials ſufficient to ſatisfy any one relative to his morals and literary qualifications. At the ſaid Academy will be taught the various branches of Engliſh Literature with accuracy; alſo, the rudiments of the Latin and Greek Languages. The ſtricteſt attention paid to order, morality and civil deportment of the pupils; and hope by their aſſiduous endeavors to merit a reaſonable degree of public patronage. The prices for tuition are as follows:

Per quarter for ſpelling and reading, 2 dollars; reading and writing 2 1-2 do. writing and arithmetic, 3 do. Engliſh grammar and art of ſpeaking 4 do. geometry and trigonometry 5 do. ſurveying 5 do. Latin and Greek languages 6 do.

The Subſcriber alſo wiſhes to inform that he teaches the Art of Penmanſhip upon a late ſyſtemiſed plan, and proffers to learn any perſon to write an eligible fair hand, large and ſmall, in three months, they paying ſtrict attention, or he will exact no pay. He will attend on writers, and give leſſons at their own houſes, or at the Academy above-mentioned. W. D. LAZELL.

NB. A Morning and Evening School is now open, and will be attended at the ſaid Academy, from 6 to 8 o'clock in the morning, and from 5 to 7 in the afternoon, for the purpoſe of teaching the above branches, or any of them.

TICE's

Much improved and celebrated Water Proof SHINING LIQUID BLACKING,

For Boots and Shoes, and all Leather that requires to be kept black; is the beſt preſervative and the greateſt beautifier of Leather ever offered to the public. It never corrodes nor cracks the Leather, but renders it ſoft and ſmooth, and never foils. Black Morocco that has loſt its luſtre, is reſtored equal to new by the uſe of this blacking. For ſale, wholeſale and retail, (at the prices of the manufacturer, who has removed to Virginia) in bottles, with printed directions for uſe, with J. TICE's ſignature, as none elſe are genuine, by G. CAMP, No. 143 Pearl-ſtreet.---June 12

M WATSON

Returns her ſincere thanks to the Public for their paſt encouragement, and hopes a continuance of their patronage. She has removed from No. 24 Maiden-Lane, to No. 114 BROADWAY, oppoſite the City-Tavern, where ſhe has for ſale, a large aſſortment of Ready made Linen of every deſcription, conſiſting of Shirts, Sheets, Cravats, &c. &c. on very reaſonable terms. A genteel aſſortment of Childbed Linen. March 27, oo tf

A PERSON,

Who has a few hours to ſpare in the evenings, wiſhes to teach on the the Forte Piano. He was organiſt at one of the firſt churches in Amſterdam. Apply to the printer.

BOARDING.

MRS. BLAIR has taken the houſe No. 41, corner of Cortlandt and Greenwich ſtreets, (lately occupied by Mrs. Braſher,) where ſeveral Gentlemen can be accomodated by the year, or leſs time, May 1ſt

HUMORS ON THE FACE AND SKIN,

Particularly Pimples, Blotches, Tetters, Ringworms, Tan Freckles, Sun-burns, Shingles, Redneſs of the Noſe Neck or Arms, and Prickley Heat, are effectually cured by the application of

DOCTOR CHURCH'S GENUINE VEGETABLE LOTION.

This excellent remedy has been adminiſtered by the inventor, for ſeveral years while in England with the greateſt ſucceſs. By the ſimple application of this fluid for a ſhort time, it will remove the moſt rancorous and alarming ſcurvy in the face, which has foiled every other remedy. It poſſeſſes all the good qualities of the moſt celebrated coſmetics, without any of their doubtful effects. It is therefore recommended with confidence to every perſon ſo afflicted, as an efficacious and certain cure.

This Lotion is prepared (only) at Church's Diſpenſary, No. 137 Front-Street, near the Fly-Market, N. Y. Bottles, containing half pints, ſold at 75 Cents, and pints one Dollar 25 Cents. July 24

Gardner's Genuine Beautifying Lotion

Is acknowledged by many of the moſt eminent of the faculty to be infinitely ſuperior to any other Lotion that ever has been uſed, for ſmoothing and brightening the Skin, giving animation to beauty, and taking off the appearance of old age and decay. It is particularly recommended as an excellent reſtorative for removing and entirely eradicating the deſtructive effects of Rouge, Carmine &c. Thoſe who through inadvertency make too free uſe of thoſe artificial heighteners of the bloom, will experience the moſt happy effects from uſing GARDNER's LOTION, as it will reſtore the ſkin to its priſtine beauty, and even increaſe its luſtre. It expeditiouſly and effectually clears the ſkin from every deſcription of blotches, pimples, ringworms, tetters and prickly heat. A continued ſeries of the moſt ſatisfactory experience, has fully proved its ſuper-excellent powers in removing freckles, tan, ſun-burns, redneſs of the neck and arms, &c. and reſtoring the ſkin to its wonted purity. In ſhort, it is the only coſmetic a lady can uſe at her toilette with eaſe and ſafety, or that a gentleman can have recourſe to, when ſhaving has become a troubleſome operation, by reaſon of eruptive humors on the face.

Prepared and ſold only by William Gardner, perfumer, Newark, and by appointment at Dr. Clark's Medicinal Store, No. 159 Broadway, and at Mr. John Cauchois's Jewellery Store, No. 196 do.---alſo at Mr. J. Hopkins's, No. 65 South Third Street, Philadelphia.

Price---pints 1 dollar 25 cents---half pints 75 cents.
May 22d, 2m.

ROBERT LITTLE,

Informs his friends and the public in general, that he has for ſale, at No. 9 Beekman-Slip, the beſt of London Brown Stout, and Porter, Philadelphia Porter warranted to keep in any climate; New-York Porter; Newark bottled Cider:---Alſo Claret wine of a ſuperior quality.
Caſh for empty Bottles. June 19, tf

Novels,

Sold at J. Harriſſon's Book Store, No. 3 Peck-Slip.

THE MONK.
A Romance---By M. G. LEWIS, Eſq.

THE ABBESS,
A Romance,---by W. H. Ireland.

JULIA, and the ILLUMINATED BARON,
A NOVEL.

THE BEGGAR GIRL,
AND HER BENEFACTORS.
By Mrs. Bennet.

CHARLOTTE TEMPLE:
A Tale of Truth.---By Mrs. ROWSON.

SPIRIT OF THE CASTLE,
A Romance.

MAID OF THE HAMLET,
By Regina M. Roche.

ILDIGERTE,
QUEEN OF NORWAY.
Tranſlated from the German of Kotzebue.

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No. 3 Peck-Slip.
[One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum.]